

one or more district schools. The charter of Salt Lake City, granted by the legislature in 1851, provided for schools, and this is true of all the chartered cities, among which were Provo, Ogden, Lehi, Manti, and Springville. Boys and girls of to-day who go to their schools and colleges, where they find every advantage, where buildings are beautiful, and schoolbooks are furnished, may well pause at times and consider the patience and toil of the pioneers who laid the foundation of our school system. It will stimulate in them a high appreciation of the pioneers, which, after all, is fundamental to true patriotism.

An Early-Day School.—The following is a description of a little school which was prominent in 1855. It was taught by Maria Nebeker, in the ninth ward:

The little school that I attended was in a log cabin, the chinks of which were filled up with mud. There was a rough puncheon floor. The room was uncomfortable and very cold in the winter. Pegs were thrust into the logs around the room, and on these were rough boards for seats. The smaller children sat on blocks, which they brought from home. The teacher sat at one end of the room, and watched the boys and girls. She was never angry with us, but always patient and kind. There were no blackboards or maps; neither did we have a regular system of books and study. We brought to school whatever books our parents could furnish us. Everybody had Bibles in those days, and we children learned to read scripture at a very early age. School began at nine o'clock. We sang songs and then the teacher always prayed. I remember the old recitation bench. The teacher prepared long lists of words and drilled us on them. We had "mental" exercises in arithmetic, and then the teacher read to us from a geography—the only copy we had in school. We girls sewed every day in school. In fact, we were taught to sew. I think you call it "domestic art" to-day. The boys were organized into groups and marched off to the fields to gather sage-brush for the little stove that was in the centre of the room. Friday afternoon was looked forward to with pleasure, for if we had been good during the week we had a "spelling match." To spell down the school was one of the accomplishments of which

we were always proud. Lucky the boy or girl who stood first. Then there were "geography matches" and arithmetic problems to solve. These were extra classes and were "for the purpose of creating interest." We had to be sparing of our bread that winter. Sometimes we brought meat to school—the flesh of a deer or rabbit, and gave it to the ones who did not have such a "luxury." We often danced in the schoolroom, and one of the happy events was the closing programme at the end of the winter or at Christmas time. Our schoolroom was nothing like the ones of to-day. But we were happy, and had every desire to learn.

In those days all the children could not attend school. They were compelled to work hard in the fields and to help at home. Yet they had the spirit of learning, and many a man and woman became educated by reading while they were engaged in some hard, physical labor. The following story is taken from the life of George J. Marsh, a prominent citizen of Ogden, who obtained an education under difficulties. It is typical of the lives of hundreds of the pioneers:

In 1850, I was compelled to go out and protect the people on the plains from the Indians. I rode fifty miles a day for eight days in rain. Not once during this time did I have my clothes off. Sometimes we were compelled to wring the water out of our blankets and then to lie on them for the night. We had very little to eat. I arrived in Salt Lake City in September, 1850, ahead of my company, in order to obtain food and to return to the camp with it. In those early days I did shoe-making and played the violin for the dances. In 1854 I built a toll-bridge at Raft River, among the White-knife Indians. They attacked us one day, but on seeing my wife they became friendly, as they had known her father. Many times we had nothing to eat but sego roots. During all this time I was studying law. I brought some old law books from Nauvoo, and never lost a minute whenever I could find time to read. Many times I studied my book while plowing. In 1877 I was admitted to the bar and became one of the attorneys for the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad. I am now eighty-four years old and am still practicing law and managing my farm.